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COMEDY-DRAMA.

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Pair of Country Kids.

COMEDY-DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

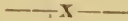
—BY—

J. Howard Bauman,



—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



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A PAIR OF COUNTRY KIDS
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

HI HASKINS,..... One of the "Country Kids."
 EZRA SIMPSON,..... The country Squire.
 JACK SHARPE..... A young detective.
 RICHARD MANNERING,..... The one who makes all the trouble.
 TUG..... } Trio of Mannering's tools.
 CHUB..... }
 TRIXIE..... The other one of the "Kids."
 ALICE SIMPSON..... The Squire's adopted daughter.
 AUNT MELINDA..... Aged, but still in the matrimonial market.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours.

—X—

SYNOPSIS AND PROPERTIES ON LAST PAGE.

—X—

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—X—

COSTUMES.

EZRA SIMPSON—ACT I—Well worn suit, grey wig and chin beard, straw hat. ACT II and III, black suit, slouch hat, white collar and loud colored tie. ACT IV, same as act I.

JACK SHARPE—ACT I—Seedy tramp suit, old torn hat and tramp beard. ACT II, business suit. ACT III, minister's clothes, wig and full beard. ACT IV, same as act II.

RICHARD MANNERING—ACT I, II and III—Black suit, silk hat, gloves and cane. ACT IV, torn clothes, tramp beard, black.

HI HASKINS—ACT II—Calico shirt, short ankle patched pants, blond crop wig. ACT II and III, same as act I, with short waisted vest, small hat and old dusty shoes. ACT IV, same as act I.

TUG and CHUB—Tough make-up.

ALICE SIMPSON—ACT I—Neat dress, large hat and large purse. ACT III, well worn dress. ACT IV, traveling costume.

TRIXIE—ACT I—Calico dress, apron and sun-bonnet, or old hat. ACT II and III, newsboy's suit and cap. ACT IV, same as act I.

AUNT MELINDA—ACT I and IV—House dress, corkscrew curls, very precise, genuine old maid make-up.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Centre; s. E. [2d E.] Second Entrance; u. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

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no 1

TMP92-008621

A Pair of Country Kids.

ACT I.

SCENE—Kitchen in EZRA SIMPSON'S home—door l. of c., window R. of c., R. and l. E., table with red spread, C., cupboard up c. between door and window, fireplace or stove, rocking chairs common chairs, and bench with bucket of water, dipper and wash basin of water on same, about the room, a jug on floor under table—MELINDA and EZRA discovered as curtain rises.

Melinda. Well, Ezra Simpson, be this the kind of a reception I am to receive at your hands? I'll go right back home, so I will—I'll go right back this minute—an'—and, law sakes! I was countin' on such a pleasant visit this evening.

Ezra. Beg your pardon, Melinda. Didn't mean to hit you, darn me if I did. Jest flung the book at Hi, and—and—*(laughs)* blamed if you didn't git it fair and squar' in Hi's place. *(laughs)*

Melinda. Well, Ezra Simpson, it's no laughing matter—leastwise not to me, and if you had a grain of common sense, you would stop your laughing.

Ezra. Melinda, I'm sober as a jedge. *(looks solemn)* Come in and sit down.

Melinda. Law sakes, can't you see that I be in already?

Ezra. Have a chair, Melinda. 'Deed I'm powerful glad you come over.

Ezra places rocker for MELINDA and takes another and draws it close beside hers.

Melinda. *(rocking)* You are, Ezra?

Ezra. Course I be, Melinda. You see I had a bit of good fortune to-day, and I'm jest bustin' to tell you about it.

Melinda. What be the bit of good fortune that you be alluding to, Ezra?

Ezra. Jest wait until I show you.

(goes to cupboard and takes out an old coffee pot and returns to table)

Melinda. *(aside)* The dear Squire. *(smooths her hair)* I do wonder if he will pop this evening. I dressed up jest fit to kill for the occasion.

Ezra. *(dumping contents of coffee pot on table)* There it be, Melinda, every dollar of it—three hundred and fifty in all.

Melinda. Three hundred and fifty dollars, Ezra! Where did you

git so much money at one time in these hard times?

Ezra. Sold the team of sorrels, Melinda.

Melinda. And you got all of that for them?

Ezra. 'Deed I did. A city critter come along to-day, said he kinder took a fancy to the animals and we made a deal in one, two, three order.

Melinda. And what be you goin' to do with all that money, Ezra?

Ezra. (*puts money back in coffee pot*) Well you see, Alice has been powerful good and handy 'bout the house since she came here nigh onto three years ago, and I hain't never given her nothing to speak of, so I thought I might spare a few dollars and buy her a new sky-blue-pink silk dress, and—and—

Melinda. And—and—what, Ezra?

(*jerks chair closer*)

Ezra. Y-y-you know I've knowed you a long time, Melinda.

Melinda. Course you have, Ezra. (*rocking furiously—aside*) Sit still, my fluttering heart, sit still. It be comin' at last.

Ezra. Well you see, I thought as how you might be willin' to—to—to—(*aside*) Blame old dunce, why can't I tell her right out?

Melinda. Willin' to what, Ezra? Why don't you say what you wanted to?

Ezra. I—I—thought as how you might be willin' to—to leave your own home—and—and—

Melinda. Yes, yes, Ezra, leave my own dear old home, and—

Ezra. Fer a spell and come over here and help Alice make her new silk dress? (*MELINDA stiffens up in her chair—EZRA glances about to ascertain the meaning of her silence*) Why, you're not mad at what I asked you, be you, Melinda?

Melinda. Oh, no, no! I'm not mad.

(*almost a hiss through set teeth*)

Ezra. Well, if you're so gone up in a baloon about it, you jest needn't come.

Melinda. (*softening*) I'll help her do her sewin', Squire, and you ought to have known that—but—but—but—

Ezra. Well, stop your buttin' and go on, Melinda.

Melinda. I was thinkin' that you was goin' to tell me of somethin' else you was thinkin' of doin'.

Ezra. And I do mean to do something else, Melinda.

Melinda. (*jerking chair closer to EZRA*) Indeed!

Ezra. (*goes to doors and window to see that no one is looking, then sits on MELINDA'S chair arm*) Sh! not a word, Melinda. I was kinder thinkin' of the—er—er—kinder considerin' the notion of—of—of—gittin' married.

Melinda. Law sakes! Now Ezra! who to?

Ezra. Why to—to—to—er, I don't like to tell you, Melinda.

Melinda. (*coldly*) Oh, very well, Squire Simpson! You kin jest keep your old secret if you want to. You needn't think I care a straw.

Ezra. But I am powerful anxious to tell you, Melinda.

Melinda. Then do stop hovering about the trees and tell me.

Ezra. 'Spect I do 'pear a little kiddish, so I might as well out with it.

Melinda. Course you might, Ezra.

Ezra. Gosh darned if I don't do it! Melinda, I thought as how you might be willin' to—

Enter TRIXIE, *L. C. E.*, *drops old delapidated valise*, EZRA and MELINDA *spring up in surprise and stare speechless at* TRIXIE.

Trixie. Mornin', folkes! Just passin' by and thought I'd step in and pay you my respects.

Ezra. Well, child, who be you?

Trixie. Trixie.

Melinda. Trixie who?

Trixie. Don't know. They never called me Trixie Who where I come from.

Melinda. Law sakes! now Ezra—what a strange creature! *(to* TRIXIE) But what's your father's name, child?

Trixie. Don't know—never had one.

Melinda. Law sakes! Well I never! To think of a man going through this world without a name.

Ezra. Hold on, Melinda, you didn't understand her. She means she never had a father.

Melinda. Law sakes! how stupid of me.

Ezra. Course you be. Well, Trixie, where did you come from?

Trixie. Poor-house.

Ezra. But why did you come here, child?

Trixie. Well, you see, I met a fellow up the road a ways and I asked him where I might find a job, and he told me as how Squire Simpson had one poor-house girl already, and that he thought you might take in another, as he 'lowed as how you were considering the notion of starting an orphan asylum of your own, so I just hustled along and here I am. Do I get a job or not, Squire?

Ezra. Well, child, I don't know that I'm considering starting an orphan asylum, but I 'spect you must be hungry, and one thing is certain, Ezra Simpson never turned a hungry person from his door, and darned if he be goin' to begin on a child, so I'll jest take you to Alice and she will see that you get all you kin eat, then we will find you a bed for the night, and then we will see what to-morrow brings forth. *(to* MELINDA) Jest you stay here a bit, Melinda, and I'll soon return. *(to* TRIXIE) Come, Trixie.

Trixie. Gee! but I'm glad I come here. I'll jest jump in and work like a dandy, as soon as I get a message to my stomach that my throat isn't cut after all.

Ezra. Come, come, Trixie, child.

(exit EZRA, *L. E.*, *leading* TRIXIE *by the hand*

Melinda. *(drops into a chair with a long drawn sigh)* Law sakes! and jest as I thought I had him. I jest know he was goin' to pop jest when that child came in. Why didn't the good Lord keep her in the poor-house jest a bit longer. It's hard to tell when Ezra will ever get his courage screwed up that far ag'in. But I know what I'll do, I'll go after him. I'll make him speak. I'll not leave this house this night until I am an engaged girl. No stree, not a step will I leave, and if he don't pop—well, if he don't do it, poor-house waif or no poor-house, I'll pop myself. *(exit* *L. E.*

Enter RICHARD MANNERING, L. C. E., smoking a cigar, very deliberately removes gloves, lays them with cane and hat on the table, takes a few more puffs at cigar, then walks slowly to the window and throws it away, returns to table and sits down.

Dick. Well, here I am at last, and before I leave this house, I'll have the two missing links that binds this old farmer's protege to the events of the far past which will then definitely prove her to be the heiress of whom I am in search. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! The heiress! Let me see! What did I do with my dear deceased brother's last epistle. (*reaches in pocket and takes out letter, slowly unfolds it and reads aloud*) "Dear Dick:" (*looks from paper*) Affectionate, isn't he? (*reads*) "I am on my death bed, but I cannot die until I have made what reparation I can for the past. I have made every effort to find the wife and children I so cruelly deserted when the demon jealousy whispered into my ear that Annie was false to me. I have partially succeeded, but not wholly. Annie died shortly after I left her. The children, two little girls, were taken to an orphan asylum not far from Boston. Alice, the elder, was four years old at the time, and the other, Trixie, we called her, was but an infant. Search the records of the orphan asylums and poor-houses in the vicinity of Boston, and find my children. It is a dying father's mission to you, I die, what the world would call a rich man. I leave all to my children. See that they get what belongs to them. I had hoped to complete the search begun so long ago, but God in his all wise seeing wills it that I abandon the task just as success seems within my grasp. The attorney, whose address I send you herein, is conversant with all my business affairs. All I ask of you is to find my children. May God reward your efforts by success. Your dying brother, GUY MANNERING. P. S.—Both children had lockets containing their mother's picture, the letters A. M. were engraved on the outside." (*soliloquy*) Well, I've visited the poor-houses and asylums, and must say that I have been fairly successful. The child, Alice—or at least a girl who might be my dear niece—I have traced here. Have secured a proper introduction and have made it a point to effect a few chance meetings. Now to ascertain if she has the locket, then to get the old farmer's story and see if all the points tally. If so, I will make love to the girl, and once she is my wife, the cool half million my dear brother left behind, shall be mine. But if this girl is not the one, I'll have to concoct some kind of a proof that the girls are both dead, in which case I will be my brother's heir as next of kin, and little I'll worry myself about the poor-house brats. (*noise heard from outside*) Ah! someone is coming. I'll see who it is. (*steps to L. C. E.*) As I live, it is the girl now. Looks as though she had been out for a ramble. Gad! she isn't bad looking to be sure. Well, with the money as a sauce I can easily swallow the pill. (*sits again*) Now to play the part of a lover smitten at first sight.

Enter ALICE, L. C. E., carrying large hat or bonnet by the strings, also large purse in her hand—stops in surprise at sight of MANNERING.

(*DICK rises*) Ah! good evening, Miss Simpson. Pardon me for taking the liberty, but I just stepped in to see your father.

Alice. I will go and find daddy and tell him that you wish to see him. (*starts toward L. E.*)

Dick. One moment, Miss Simpson, I am in no hurry to see the Squire. I prefer to talk to you a while.

Alice. I fear you won't find me a very interesting person to talk to.

(puts hat or bonnet and purse on table)

Dick. On the contrary, I am certain that I should enjoy a few moments conversation with you. Besides, I would like you to settle a point or two upon which I had an argument the other day. You must pardon me if I am intruding upon sacred grounds, in which case you needn't answer. I was told that Squire Simpson was not your real father.

Alice. Which is perfectly true.

Dick. Then I lost the point of the argument, but the Squire seems to think so much of you that it is not strange that I could not realize that you were other than his own child.

Alice. Daddy and I love each other very dearly. I could not think more of him were he indeed my father, and he thinks I remind him so much of his dead sister.

Dick. Then the Squire has lost a sister who was very dear to him?

Alice. Yes, his youngest sister. She has been dead many years, and the circumstances surrounding her death were very sad.

Dick. Would you mind telling me about it?

Alice. All I know is what I have heard daddy say. I will tell you what I know. It seems that daddy's sister, Annie, ran away and married against her parents wishes. The union was happy enough for a few years, but in time the husband grew jealous of his wife, and one day, in a terrible rage, he left the wife and two children without any support. The mother was proud and would not return to her parent's home, and worked day and night to gain a livelihood for herself and two children, but in time she grew sickly and could not labor for her loved ones. Then it was that the children were taken from her and placed in an orphan asylum.

Dick. And these two children, where are they now?

Alice. Dead. The orphan asylum burned one night, and every inmate perished in the flames.

Dick. Did none of them escape death?

Alice. I think not.

Dick. And the mother, what of her?

Alice. She read of the terrible fire, and the knowledge that her loved ones had perished in such a horrible manner, was more than she could survive. Before she died, she sent word of her whereabouts to her father and daddy started at once to take her home, but she died before the end of the homeward journey.

Dick. That is indeed a sad fate, but might not these children have escaped in some manner? Was there never any investigation made?

Alice. All I know is that the children were mourned as dead.

Dick. What became of the man who deserted his wife and children?

Alice. None of his wife's family had ever seen him before, nor have they ever seen him since.

Dick. How long have you lived with the Simpsons?

Alice. I was brought here from the poor-house about four years ago.

Dick. And do you know nothing of your parents?

Alice. Not a thing.

Dick. And you have not the least clue to your identity?

Alice. Nothing but this small locket which holds the picture of a man, whom I think may have been my father.

Dick. Will you let me see it?

Alice. Certainly.

ALICE takes locket and chain from neck and hands it to DICK, then goes to window and looks out, DICK opens locket and gazes at it in silence.

Dick. (*aside*) Yes, it's poor Guy alright, and this girl is really his child and heiress to that half million. Well, at least one of the inmates of that ill fated asylum must have escaped the flames, or there has been some bad error. Oh dear me, at any rate the missing link has been established, and now all I have to do is to win the little fool for my wife—or to get her out of my way—it's immaterial to me which, so that I get the money. (*aloud*) And so you think this may be your father's likeness?

Alice. I feel sure it must be.

Dick. But was there no likeness in the other side?

(*hands locket back to ALICE*)

Alice. There was one in the other side, many years ago, but in some manner it was lost out—that was before I came to live with daddy. But I suppose you are tired of listening to family history, so I will go and tell daddy that you want to see him.

(*starts toward L. E.*)

Dick. (*steps between ALICE and the door*) Not just yet, Miss Simpson—Alice, I have something else to say to you. Can you not guess what my business with Squire Simpson is?

Alice. I am sure I cannot.

Dick. Then I will tell you. I want to ask his permission to my calling upon you.

Alice. I do not understand you, Mr. Mannering.

Dick. Then I will make my meaning clearer. Alice, I have known you but a short time—have met you but comparatively few times, but the few times that I have met you have been sufficient to convince me that I prefer your society to that of any woman I have ever known. Alice, I love you and I want you to promise to become my wife.

Alice. (*incredulous*) You want me to be your wife? Why Mr. Mannering, you are a total stranger to me.

Dick. Not a stranger, Alice, do not say that. Perhaps I have been a little premature, but believe me, I love you none the less. Won't you promise to be my wife?

Alice. I can make you no such promise, Mr. Mannering, because I have no idea of ever marrying you.

Dick. Do not say that, Alice, you may have time to think it over. Just think of the advantages I could afford you. I am rich, fine houses, horses, carriages, dresses, all shall be yours. You shall have everything your heart desires. Just give me some hope that you will one day be mine.

Alice. Mr. Mannering, you must be crazy. I do not care anything for you, and you have no right to talk like this to me.

Dick. Yes, I have the right. My love for you gives me that right.

Alice. Do not speak another word of love to me. I will call daddy.

steps to L. E. and calls) Daddy, daddy!

Dick. (*grasps ALICE by arm and pulls her from the door*) You shall not call anybody! You shall listen to me!

Alice. Shall! What right have you to command me?

Dick. The right of love, Alice, but tell me, do you love another?

Alice. I decline to answer any of your questions. Take your hand from my arm!

Dick. Not until you have listened to all I have to say. Alice, I love you—not with a child's love, but with the strong love of a man of determination. I swear that you shall yet be my wife—I shall trample down all opposition, and if I can't win you by fair means, by heavens, I shall win you by foul. Remember, you cannot escape me.

Alice. Mr. Mannering, you insult me! Let me go, or I shall call for help! Let me go, I say! You are hurting my arm!

(ALICE tries to free herself in vain)

Enter JACK SHARPE, L. C. E., quickly, grasps DICK and whirls him around.

Jack. Say, Mister, you're hurting the lady. Let her go!

Dick. The devil!

Jack. Nope! not the devil Only Jack Sharpe, at your service.

(boots low)

Dick. By what right do you enter here, you cursed tramp?

Jack. By the right any man has to assist a lady in distress!

Dick. I'll pay you for this, you vagabond.

Jack. Well, the account isn't due yet, Mister, and until it is, you better make yourself scarce about here. When the proper time to settle arrives, I shall be only too glad to give you a receipt in full.

Dick. Curse your impudence! (*to ALICE*) and as for you, Miss Simpson, remember what I told you. I am a man who knows not defeat, and in your case my motto shall be, by fair means or by foul.

Jack. Sir, a man who threatens a lady is a coward!

Dick. Ladies have nothing to fear when such heroic vagabonds as you are allowed to roam the country at large. (*JACK boots low, DICK picks up hat, gloves and cane and walks toward L. C. E., turns in doorway*) Miss Simpson, for the present, I bid you and that nameless nobody—that—that—tramp, adieu. But we shall all meet again, never fear. Yes, we shall all meet again. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha!

(exit L. C. E.)

Alice. Oh sir, how can I ever thank you for what you did?

Jack. Don't try.

Alice. I don't know where daddy can be. And I was so afraid of that man. You just came in time. Can't I do something for you to show you how thankful I am?

Jack. Well, nothing I know of, unless it might be a bite to eat. I haven't had any supper yet.

Alice. You shall have all you want to eat—come along with me.

Jack. Indeed, Miss, I much prefer to partake of a repast out under a tree.

Alice. Then I'll get your supper and take it out there to you.

Jack. Accept my heartfelt thanks for all your kindness. Some day you might be a tramp—

Alice. What!

Jack. I—I—I—beg your pardon, Miss, I didn't mean that. I meant that some day I might be able to return the favor. (*exit ALICE L. C. E., laughing—JACK goes to table and puts one foot on the chair, in reflective mood*) Now what the devil is Mannering's game here? Why does he want to marry this simple little country girl? There is some mystery here and I am going to fathom it. Old Gregory's suspicions of this man must be well founded. But what is his game here? Let me put two and two together—Guy Mannering died and left a fortune to his two missing daughters. The worthy brother is supposedly searching for the lost heirs, one of whom it is now morally certain, was taken from the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum just two days before that institution burned. The child was given into the hands of an old lady who resided near Boston, but who died four years ago. When the child left that home all trace of her was lost. Can it be that Mannering has—by jove, I have it, Mannering has found the girl and he is trying to force her into marrying him that he may secure the money. Alice Simpson must be Alice Mannering, and the worthy uncle has found the proof. If he can't force the girl to become his wife, he will do away with her, furnish proofs of her death, and as next of kin, claim the money. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! that is simple as one, two, three. Well, you're a smooth customer, Dick Mannering, but I'll raise you a point and call your hand before this game is closed, and don't you think I won't. Now to satisfy the inner man, and then to set about to prove my suspicious correct. Jack, old boy, you're on a warm scent, and you have a real case at last. (*exit L. C. E., passing by window*)

Enter HI HASKINS, R. E., reading from paper, goes to bench, about to sit down.

Hi. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! ain't this g-r-e-a-t—(*reads*) "How—do—you—make—a—slow—horse—fast?" Answer: "Hitch—him—to—a—post." Ha, ha, ha! (*laughs loudly and slapping his knees, sits in basin of water—springs up*) Never touched me! (*goes to stove or fireplace quickly to dry his trousers—funny business ad. lib.*) Gosh, I'll never git them dried this way. 'Spect I better take them off and hang them up. I can just go into the room here and wait until they dry.

Exit HI R. E., reaches trousers out and hangs them on a chair, then withdraws arm.

Enter TRIXIE, L. E., eating a piece of pie and face smeared with berry stain.

Trixie. Y-u-m—g-e-e! but I like my new home, and I like pie too. I got a new daddy and a new sister. Whew! ain't I glad I come here. (*sits on table eating pie, finally spies HI's trousers, holds them up and surveys them critically, then goes through the pockets, takes out some marbles and lets them drop to floor*) Must be a boy about this place. Wonder where he is and what he looks like? Wonder if he will get mashed on me? 'Spect I'll have to make his acquaintance? Guess I better start in and have some fun with him. I know, I'll just hide his pants.

TRIXIE rolls HI's pants up and puts them in cupboard—HI reaches out for his pants and finds them gone, sticks his head out of door and calls.

HI. Hey! who stole my pants?

TRIXIE. Gee! there is a boy!

HI. I say, bring back my pants.

TRIXIE. I ain't got your pants.

HI. (sees TRIXIE) Who are you?

TRIXIE. I'm Trixie

HI. What you doin' here?

TRIXIE. I'm boardin' here now.

HI. Say, look about for my pants and throw them in here to me.

TRIXIE. I won't do it neither. Guess you ain't my boss, and I don't have to do what you say.

HI. Then I'll have to come out and look for them myself.

TRIXIE. Well, I ain't keepin' you. Why don't you come on?

HI. If I do you will be sorry.

TRIXIE. Oh, I don't know.

HI. I'm comin'.

TRIXIE. Well, come on.

HI. Here I come.

Enter HI., R. E., in an old grain sack with holes for feet and arms, sack tied about his neck.

TRIXIE. (laughs) Well, your'e a sight! Where are your clothes?

HI. I hung my pants up to dry and some son-of-a-gun run off with them.

TRIXIE. Oh, but you look funny. Wish I had your photograph. What tailor measured you for your clothes?

HI. You needn't think you're so smart, and I bet you took my pants.

TRIXIE. Didn't neither. Say, you look like a bale of hay with the middle hoop busted. Where did you get your necktie?

HI. Don't you git so gosh darned funny!

TRIXIE. And such a nice collar you have!

HI. Shut up!

TRIXIE. (laughs) Ha, ha, ha! you look so funny!

HI. Well, I don't feel so gol dinged funny! Say, kid, who are you?

TRIXIE. I told you once—Trixie.

HI. Say, Trixie, won't you help me find my pants?

TRIXIE. I don't want you to find them, you look so funny that way, just like a bag of wheat setting on two boots with a pumpkin covered with red corn silk on top of it. (laughs) Ha, ha, ha'

HI. Shut up!

TRIXIE. Say, who are you, Mr. Pumpkin head humpty-dumpty?

HI. None of your business.

TRIXIE. What's your name?

HI. Hi Haskins, if you must know.

TRIXIE. Where do you live?

HI. Here.

TRIXIE. So do I live here now. Say, HI, never mind your pants, just come over here and sit down. (TRIXIE and HI sit on bench—HI eyes the pan closely, picks it up and carries it over and places it on the table,

Then sits down beside TRIXIE—*both sit and giggle and act bashful, finally* TRIXIE *edges up to* HI) Say, I like you; you are so funny. Are you married?

Hi. 'Course I ain't married.

Trixie. Got any sweetheart?

Hi. Naw! 'course not.

Trixie. Ge-ee! but I'm glad of that!

Hi. Why are you glad?

Trixie. Oh, 'cause you can be my beau and take me buggy riding, and to parties, and balls, and operas, and buy me watches, and rings and jewelry—and—and—

Hi. Mew! What a long tail our cat has got.

Trixie. Won't you do it?

Hi. Naw, 'course I won't! Think I'm a millionaire?

Trixie. Nope! I think you are funny. You look so foolish.

Hi. You would look foolish too if you had this thing on you.

Trixie. Oh, but I don't mind that. Say, I might marry you some day.

Hi. Better wait until I ask you.

Trixie. Guess I wouldn't marry you either.

Hi. Why not?

Trixie. Well, because if we got married we would have children, and our children would have children, and our children's children would have children and they would all git to fighting and—

Hi. Hey! Ring off on that. You must be daffy. Been smokin' the pipe?

Trixie. I'm a lady I am, and I don't smoke! but say, Hi, is the Squire your real father?

Hi. Naw! I jest work for him.

Trixie. Say, did you used to be a tramp?

Hi. 'Course I didn't. I have a pa and a ma, and a tramp is a fellow that ain't got no pa and ma, and no friends and nobody.

Trixie. Then I guess I must be a tramp, because I ain't got no daddy and no mother, but then I got friends now. The Squire and Alice are my friends and I'm goin' to stay right here. Say, Hi, won't you and me be friends too?

Hi. I 'spose we will, and if the Squire and Alice are your friends, you want to be mighty good, for they are the best ones that ever lived, I want to tell you.

Trixie. You bet I'm goin' to be good. Say, Hi, will you be my beau if I am good?

Hi. Yep, if you be good

Trixie. And some day we will get married, won't we?

Hi. Maybe.

Trixie. And wear clothes like that and look so funny?

Hi. No I won't neither.

Trixie. (*sees jug under the table*) What's in that jug, Hi?

Hi. Don't know.

Trixie. I'm goin' to see. (*gets jug from under table, takes out cork and smells*) Smells like cider. (*pours some out*) Looks like cider. (*tastes it*) Tastes like cider. (*takes big drink*) It is cider. Whew! but it's good.

Hi. (*after looking longingly at the jug and fidgeting about*) Trixie, give me some.

Trixie Just a little. (*hands jug to HI, who drinks—TRIXIE watches him and then tries to take the jug away when she thinks HI has had enough, he pushes her away and continues to drink—finally TRIXIE gets the jug away from HI and drinks more herself—looks into jug*) Say, HI, the jug is only half full.

HI. Gosh! What will the Squire say when he misses it?

Trixie. Will he miss it?

HI. 'Course he will.

Trixie. I have an idea.

HI. What is it?

Trixie. (*takes jug to water pail and fills it up*) Just you watch me—
Now I guess he won't miss it. (*puts jug back under table!*)

HI. Say, Trixie, you're a brick.

Trixie. 'Course I am—Think I don't know nothin'!

HI. 'Course you know somthin', so do I, don't I, Trixie? Say, my head feels so funny.

Trixie. So does mine.

HI. Trixie, how many hands have you?

Trixie. Two.

HI. Is that all? I—I—thought you had four.

Trixie. It—it's you that has four.

HI. (*holds out his hands*) Guess I have, Trixie. Say, Trixie, what's in that other jug?

Trixie. Didn't know there was two jugs. I'll see. (*staggers over to jug and reaches with both hands as though to pick up two jugs, takes the one handle in both hands*) There ain't two jugs, HI.

HI. Y-y-yes there is, Trixie. You have them both.

Trixie. Have I, HI?

HI. Course you have. Give me one.

Trixie. (*goes to HI and hands him the jug*) There it is, HI.

HI. Say, Trixie, what did you do with the other one?

Trixie. I don't know, HI. Must have let it drop. (*gets down on floor and feels for the jug—looks up at HI*) S-s-say, HI, who's that sitting by you?

HI. (*reaching around*) N-n-n-no one, Trixie.

Trixie. Ain't there, HI?

HI. No, but look out, Trixie, there's someone behind you!

Trixie. (*turns around quickly*) No, there ain't, HI.

HI. Ain't there, Trix?

Trixie. (*looking out door*) HI, I didn't know the Squire had a team of greys. I thought he only had one.

HI. He ain't got a team nuther. (*looking out the door*) Y-y-yes he has.

Trixie. Say, HI, why don't you walk straight?

HI. I-I-I am walking straight. It's you that is waddlin' like our old duck.

Trixie. Say, HI, you drank too much cider.

HI. Naw, I didn't, it was you that drank too much.

Trixie. I'm goin' out there and lay down under one of those trees.

HI. There ain't two trees out there. (*looks out*) Y-y-y-yes there is—ain't there? Guess the Squire must have just planted one. An'—an'—and there is two of everything, ain't there Trixie?

Trixie. Believe there is, HI.

HI. Trixie, I-I believe you are drunk.

Trixie. It's you that's drunk, Hi.

Hi. Maybe we are both drunk, Trixie.

Trixie. Maybe we are.

Hi. Then you go out and lay down under one tree and I'll lay down under the other.

Trixie. Alright, Hi.

(exit, Hi and TRIXIE, L. C. D. staggering and holding to each other)

Enter MANNING L. C. D.

Dick. (laughs) Ha, ha, ha! I wonder what's the matter with the kids. The one in the old bag especially. Ha, ha, ha! But I have no time to laugh at their pranks. It's business with me. *(seating himself)* Guess I was a little too hasty. Well I'll just see the old man, offer my apologies and await my time. I see it is to be a fight to the finish and no quarter. I see I can never win the girl peaceably, so I'll use force, *(hits coffee pot and upsets it, money tumbles out--DICK counts it over)* Whew! Kind of careless in the old man to let his dough lay around like this. Three hundred and fifty dollars. A nice little sum, but I'm not a common thief. *(sees ALICE'S purse on the table)* The girl's purse. Suppose the old man could be made to believe that she stole the money? He would drive her from his home and then she would be within my reach. I could dictate terms to her then, a great scheme. I'll just try it—no harm done if I fail. I'll put the money in her purs—er, no—no, not all. If I put it all in she could return it and be forgiven. I'll just put part of it in and the balance—well, a couple hundred wouldn't come in bad for my own private use. Yet, were I suspected and the money found on me, it would be bad. Better not risk it. I have it, I will hide the balance of it and after all is quiet I can get it. Now my haughty little country lass, this game has fairly opened, and the stake is half a million. We will see if you dare pit your wits against mine. *(puts part of money in purse, leaving end of a bill sticking out and the balance in his hand)* Now I'll hide this part of it, stay nearby and watch the fuse burn toward the powder. *(exit L. C. D.)*

Enter, EZRA and TRIXIE, L. E.

Ezra. Now leetle gal, don't you know you shouldn't be laying around on the ground in this chilly night air? You will injure your health. Why you—you act as if you were a bit sick now. Do you feel bad?

Trixie. N-n-no-o-o I'm alright, Squire.

Ezra. Then come over here and set down on my knee and tell me all you kin about yourself. *(leads TRIXIE to chair and sits down taking her upon his knee)* And you don't know who your dad is, eh?

Trixie. Nop! Never saw him.

Ezra. How sad! And you don't know your real name?

Trixie. They never knew my dad, but Mr. Jones, he's the fellow that kept the poor house, told me that I was sayed from an awful fire in which ever so many children were burned to death. *(SQUIRE wipes his eyes)* Why Squire, I really believe you are cryin'.

Ezra. Well maybe I do be cryin', leetle one, fer when you mention the fire it reminds me of a very dear person—a sister of mine,

leettle gal.

Trixie. Did she burn up?

Ezra. No, she didn't burn up, but two of her dear children did, and the shock killed her. But there I can't talk about it any more now. Guess I—I—got a big carpet tack in my eye.

Trixie. Will you tell me all about it sometime?

Ezra. Yes, sometime before you go away from here.

Trixie. Oh! but I'm not going away from here at all; I'm just going to stay here for good and help do the work.

Ezra. You be? Well we will see about that later. But tell me, leettle gal, didn't you have some clothes left or some leettle trinket that you could find out who you be?

Trixie. Oh, yes, I have a locket that was on my neck. Do you want to see it? *(reaches for locket around her neck)*

Ezra. Not now, leettle one; I aint got my glasses on, and I can't see it without them. Some other time I will look at it. Can you sing?

Trixie. Oh, I used to sing lots to the other children. Do you want me to sing for you?

Ezra. If you will, leettle gal.

Song by TRIXIE—sentimental child's song, either standing by EZRA'S side or sitting upon his knee.

Enter ALICE L. E. while TRIXIE sings, remains in silence near entrance

(at conclusion of song) Well done, leettle gal. Do you know you make me feel as though I had a whole paper of tacks in my eyes.

(wipes eyes with handkerchief)

Alice. *(steps up behind EZRA)* Daddy, who have we here?

Ezra. *(looks up at ALICE)* I've been lookin' for you, Alice. I want you to put this leettle gal to bed, dear. She was friendless like you once were, but she shant go out into the world again. She shall stay here until she has a good home to go to, and until then, she shall help you with the work.

Alice. Oh daddy, you are so good! But what is her name?

Ezra. Trixie, she says.

Trix. That's it, just plain Trixie. And say, I'm awful glad I come here. *(goes to ALICE and puts her arm about her)* I—I—like him awful well, an'—and I know I'll love you. We will be sisters, won't we?

Ezra. Yes, gals, that's right, jest you two be sisters. I 'spect you have both been kinder lonesome like.

Trix. Yes, I've been awful lonesome, and I'm so glad I have a daddy and a sister now. Can I kiss my sister?

Alice. Of course you may. *(TRIXIE kisses ALICE whose locket catches on ALICE'S dress and pulls out)* Why, where did you get that locket? It is mine.

Trix. Indeed it ain't! I have had it ever since I was a little baby—so I have.

Alice. I have one just like it then. I'll get it.

(starts toward door R. E., picks up her purse on table)

Ezra. Wait a minute, Alice, I have something to tell you, and I must tell you before I forget it.

Alice. *(goes to EZRA)* What is it, daddy, dear?

Ezra. Alice, you kin have that silk dress you have wanted so bad.

Alice. Oh daddy! Can I really? *(hugs and kisses EZRA)*

Ezra. 'Deed you can, child. Just see the money I got to-day, and part of it—*(reaches for coffee pot and discovers it empty)* Gad! The money is gone! I have been robbed! Who has taken my money? It was there only half an hour ago.

Alice. Are you sure you left it there?

Ezra. Yes, yes, I know I did.

Alice. Who has been around?

Ezra. I don't know. All I know is that the money was there. But I'll find the thief—I'll find him!

(starts toward c. d., grabbing hat from table)

Enter, DICK C. D., meeting EZRA in the doorway.

Dick. Ah, you are Squire Simpson, are you not?

Ezra. Yes, I be.

Dick. Well, I'm a detective from Boston, and it seems I am here just in time to render valuable service. I heard you say you had been robbed. What have you lost, Squire?

Ezra. Three hundred and fifty dollars! Robbed right in my own house in broad day.

Dick. Have you any idea who could have taken the money?

Ezra. No person has been here.

Dick. I differ with you. I myself saw a young tramp leave this room but a few moments ago.

Ezra. A tramp in my house—in this room?

Dick. Certainly he was. I believe he was talking to the young lady here. *(indicates ALICE)*

Alice. Daddy, he didn't take the money, I know he didn't.

Ezra. Alice, who was the fellow?

Alice. I did not know him, daddy, but I do know he did not take the money.

Ezra. After the fellow! *(to DICK)* You say you are an officer of the law. It is your duty to catch him!

Dick. Not too hasty, Squire. I do not say the fellow took the money. Perhaps it hasn't been stolen at all. Maybe you put it some place else. See, here is a bill sticking partly out of this young lady's purse. The balance may be there also.

DICK points to purse ALICE is holding—EZRA grabs it roughly and opens it and counts the money—DICK stands with smile of triumph—ALICE stands stupified—JACK appears in c. d.

Ezra. *(to ALICE)* Gal, what does this mean? But it is not all here. What have you done with the balance of it? *(counts money)*

Alice. Daddy! Daddy! I know nothing about this. Oh, believe me, I didn't know it was there.

Ezra. Stop gal, lest I pray God to strike you dead with the lie upon your lips! Oh to think that you should do this! And I have loved you as I would my own child! My poor old heart is breaking!

Alice. Daddy, daddy, I—I—

Ezra. Hush! Not another word from you! Give me the balance of the money and then go! There is the door. *(points to c. d.)* Never dare darken it again!

Jack. *(stands in the doorway as ALICE, with bowed head, goes toward it)*

Ezra Simpson, you are making a sad mistake!

Ezra. How dare you, a tramp, enter this house!

Jack. Once before, this evening, I saved this young lady from the insults of a cur, and I'm here to save her again. (*to ALICE*) Miss, my appearances are not such as to invite your confidence, but I'm honest, through and through. You are being driven from home now, but rest assured that Squire Simpson will soon see his mistake, and he will then ask your forgiveness. Until then I swear to stand between you and harm. Do you trust me, Miss?

Alice. Yes, but I—I—didn't take the money.

Ezra. Not another of your lies, you ungrateful girl! There is the door! Go! (*ALICE steps near the door—JACK catches her by the hand*

Jack. Yes, she will go, and I shall take her to a place of safety. (*to DICK*) And as for you, Mannering, this is one of your low dirty tricks, and I think I see your hand. You will find me right in the game to the finish and in the end I will call your hand, no matter how high the stakes.

Dick. Bah! What do I care for the threats of a tramp?

Jack. Perhaps you will find me not so much of a tramp as I look, at the finish, and when the end comes I'll be right on hand, you bet!

Enter, H. C. E. staggering—wears bag.

Hi. And so will I be, by gosh!

PICTURE—Ezra pointing to the door—JACK holding ALICE's hand and leading her to door—ALICE holding other hand out to EZRA—DICK smiling sarcastically.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Street scene in Boston.

Enter, DICK L. E.

Dick. Well things have come to a pretty pass now, but I'll show them a trump trick yet. That tramp has led me a nice chase, but I know where he has the girl secreted, and I'll have her before this night is over, or my name ceases to be Mannering. (*looks at watch*) Three o'clock! Tug and his pal should be here by this time. (*looks L.*) Good! Here they come now. Well, Tug is a trustworthy fellow and I guess he will do my bidding.

Enter, TUG and CHUB L. E.

Tug. Hello Cap. Ain't kept you waiting, have I?

Dick. No, I just came.

Tug. Well, what's the work you have for me and me pal here?

Dick. It's a piece of rather risky business, Tug.

Tug. What's the dif. so long as the pay is good? We ain't afraid are we, Chub?

Chub. Naw! Course not.

Enter, TRIXIE R. E., dressed as a newsboy, unseen by DICK, TUG and CHUB.

Dick. Tug, do you know where the old box factory is down near Brown's wharf?

Tug. Sure we do. Dōn't we Chub?

Chub. Course we do.

Dick. Well, in the old frame house, two doors below the factory office, there is a young woman in hiding that I want. In some manner I want her decoyed to the old wharf. Now I don't care how you get her there, just so you do it.

Tug. Who do we have to look out for?

Dick. She is staying with an old woman who does janitor work for old Gregory, the lawyer. You have nothing to fear from her, but look out for a young tramp who calls himself Jack Sharp. It seems that he has appointed himself this young lady's guardian angel, and if he catches you he will fight like hell. Now I'd suggest that you send her a letter purporting to come from this fellow, trumping up some reason for meeting him at the old wharf just after dark. I'll be on hand when she comes. You fellows be in hiding nearby that you can answer my whistle if I need your help.

Tug. Alright, Cap, you can count on Chub and me every time. We'll have the girl here by eight if we have to carry her here. But what's her name, Cap?

Dick. Alice Simpson is the name she goes by.

Tug. Well once we get a hold on the young lady she will keep her appointment with Cap. or I'll eat my hat.

Dick. I must be going now. Remember I depend upon you fellows. Don't disappoint me, and when I get the girl in my power, one hundred dollars will be your pay for the trouble.

Tug. Ugh! I can see myself spending that money now. Why it's a lead pipe cinch, eh Chub?

Chub. Sure thing.

Dick. See that you lay your plans well. You know I don't excuse failures. *(exit, L. E.,*

Tug. Oh we will have her there alright enough, never fear, my dear Cap. Say, Chub, let's celebrate our good luck. I have a quarter.

Chub. Hurrah! Come on then; we're off for Mike's place.

(exit, TUG and CHUB, L. E.

Trix. Now I wonder what those blokies were scheming about. That one was Mannering alright, and the other two looked as though they ought to be in jail. They want to meet someone on the old wharf just after dark, and that someone is in the old frame house just below the box factory, eh? Her name is Alice Simpson. Who is Alice Simpson? Let me see. Name sounds kinder familiar like. Squire Simpson, I have it. It's the girl that was to be my new sister—the one that run away with that tramp fellow. I don't believe she ever stole a cent of that money, so I don't. Ge-e-e! I got scared and run away to. Didn't I scoot though. But I wonder what that man wants to do with Alice? At the wharf at dark, eh? Well I know know where the house is, and I'll go and see if it is my Alice, and if it is I'll tell her what I heard the blokies say. Guess I can find her alright and she will be glad to see me. I'll just do a little detective work myself. I have it. I'll go to the house and see if it's her, and if it is we will get that tramp fellow, if he is around, and

then we will fool Mr. Bad Manners in great shape. Ge-e-e-e! (*looks off R.*) Sure as I live, here comes Squire Simpson now. Well I won't let him know who I am just to get even with him for sending poor Alice away.

Enter, EZRA, R. E. with hand bag and in reflective mood.

Trix. (*bumping into EZRA*) Papers! Extras! All about the murder!

Ezra. Gosh ding it! Watch where you are goin'; will you?

Trix. Papers, all about the murder. Only a penny, Mister.

Ezra. What murder, boy?

Trix. Well you see the potatoe bug eat the eyes out of the potatoe and the poor thing died because it couldn't see.

Ezra. Great tomatoes, but you are a fresh kid!

Trix. Say, Mr Hayseed, what time is it?

Ezra. (*looking at watch*) It wants just five minutes to three.

Trix. Well then in just five minutes you get up on your perch and crow, see? (*exit L. E., walking proudly*)

Ezra. (*looking after TRIXIE*) In just five minutes get up on your roost and crow, see? (*EZRA walks toward R. watching after TRIXIE*)

Enter, TUG and CHUB R. E., EZRA backs into TUG, looks around and stares at him in silence.

Tug. Say, Mister, can you give me change for a five?

Ezra. 'Spect I kin.

Tug. Will you kindly let me have it?

Ezra takes out his wallet, uncraps a long string—comical business with the carpet bag and wallet.

Ezra. (*counting out money*) One and one are two, and one are three and one are four and—

Tug. (*withdraws one bill and puts it in his pocket*) Three, sir, only three. You only gave me three.

Ezra. (*as he counts bills over*) Guess you be right. Well, there be one more. That makes four and one are five.

Tug. Thank you sir, I am sorry I had to bother you.

(*TUG and CHUB start to walk away*)

Ezra. Hold on a minute there.

Tug. Well?

Ezra. Ain't you forgetting somethin'.

Tug. I think not.

Ezra. How about the five?

Tug. Oh the five! Sure enough! There you are, sir. (*hands EZRA the bill*) How about the five? (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha!

Chub. Yes, how about the five. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha!

(*exit TUG and CHUB, L. E.*)

Ezra. Well, how about the five, ho, ho, ho!

Enter, JACK R. E., bumps into EZRA, who grabs up his carpet bag, feels for his purse, stares at JACK and then recognizes him.

Ezra. Why you be that tramp fellow who went away with Alice.

Jack. I am Jack Sharp,

Ezra. Tell me, sir, where my leetle gal is. I've been looking all over the city for her. I want to tell her that I know she didn't steal that money, and take her back home. Oh sir, do you know where she is?

Jack. Yes, I know where she is.

Ezra. And you will take me to her?

Jack. In a short time.

Ezra. Can't you take me now—this very minute?

Jack. Not just yet. Squire, I have something of importance to talk over with you, and I havn't time just now. Meet me down by Brown's old wharf in about two hours and then I will take you to the girl. But I say Squire, I saw you talking to a couple of suspicious looking fellows a bit ago. What was their game?

Ezra. Their game? They ain't got no game, I just changed a five dollar bill for one of them.

Jack. Let me see the five.

Ezra. (*hands JACK the bill*) There it be. Good, ain't it?

Jack. Oh yes, it's good.

Ezra. I thought so.

Jack. For nothing.

Ezra. You don't mean to say that it's counterfeit.

Jack. Just what it is, Squire, but I know those fellows and I'll do what I can to get your money back for you. Don't forget Brown's wharf in two hours. (*exit L. E.*)

Ezra. (*looks after JACK and then at the bill*) Buncoed, by gosh!

(*exit L. E.*)

Hi. (*heard from off R.*) No I ain't no hayseed!

Voice. (*heard from off R.*) Yes you are, you rube.

Hi. (*heard from off R.*) Ain't a rube, nuther!

Voice. (*heard from off R.*) Go on or I'll knock your block off.

Enter, HI R. E., backwards.

Hi. Can't do it! Gosh dern you, why don't you come on? (*gestures as though fighting—shower of clubs, bricks and cans knocking HI down who, sits up, raises his arm and acts as though to ward off blows*) Never touched me! (*hoots and jeers heard from off stage of farmer, rube, hayseed, pumpkin head etc.—gets up and brushes himself off*) I wonder how they knew I was from the country. (*looks off R.*) Huh! Here comes one of them now. Well, if he says beans to me I will haul off and biff him one, I will by gravy! I'll show him a trick or two I learned down on the old farm. I will by gum!

(*HI stiffens up and looks straight front*)

Enter, TRIXIE R. E., looks at HI a moment in surprise.

Trix. (*aside*) It's Hi, sure as I live! Dear old Hi. Now I will have some fun with him. (*to HI*) Hello farmer!

Hi. How do you know I'm a farmer.

Trix. Oh, I can tell by the style of your clothes.

Hi. What's the matter with my clothes?

Trix. Why don't you let your shoes have a party and invite your pants down?

Hi. Pants are long enough to suit me.

Trix. Pull down your vest.

Hi. (*pulls down vest*) Wont come down no further.

Trix. Wipe your breakfast off your chin.

Hi. (*wipes chin with hand then looks at it*) Nothin' on my chin.

Trix. Why don't you give a bootblack a nickel and get some of the country mud off your boots, see?

Hi. Gosh, they do be a bit muddy.

Trix. Sure they are. And your head must have sweiled since you bought that hat. Your head is too large for it. When you rubes come to town why don't you spruce up a bit.

Hi. Ain't none of your business.

Trix. Oh, it ain't, ain't it? Well I'll show you! Say, country, you're gettin' too fresh, and I'm goin' to take a turn out of you. I'm goin' to lick you right here, see?

Hi. Well gosh-dern you, come on and try it.

Trix. I ain't going to try it; I'm going to do it, see? Here goes!

TRIXIE goes at HI ad. lib.—comic sparring—finally HI gets his arm about TRIXIE'S neck and pulls off her cap and her hair falls down—HI lets her go in surprise.

Hi. Gosh derned if you ain't a girl.

Trix. (*laughs*) Of course I am a girl. Don't you know me, Hi

Hi. Trixie, by ginger!

Trix. Yes, 'Trixie.

Hi. What be you doin' with those boys togs on, Trixie?

Trix. Playing detective.

Hi. Playing detective? What do you mean?

Trix. Listen and I will tell you, Hi.

Hi. I'm listening, fire away, Trixie.

Trix. Hi, I know where Alice is.

Hi. Git out.

Trix. Honest truth, I do.

Hi. Where is she?

Trix. Staying with an old woman down near Brown's wharf.

Hi. Lets go to her right away.

Trix. Alright, Hi, and we can't be too quick.

Hi. What do you mean, Trixie?

Trix. Gosh, I pretty near forgot all about it, but that bad Manners has found out where she is, and he is up to some devilment, because I heard him plotting with a couple of tough blokies.

Hi. What did they say?

Trix. I heard bad Manners tell them to get her down to Brown's wharf at dark and he would be there—Oh Hi, I am so glad you come. Oh you dear old, Hi. (*gives him a hug*) Now we can save her from him, for he means her harm.

Hi. Just you lead the way, 'Trixie, and if that skunk comes around here a huntin' trouble, he'll find it, dern me if he don't. I'll knock him to kingdom come, I will by gosh! (*exeunt R. E.*)

SCENE II.—Wharf in rear—raised platform—set house with door, L.,—boxes and barrels scattered about, small boxes piled high on barrel near door of set house—practical V., 1 and 2 E. on stage level and three on platform—rope and small bundle fastened on door L., part of rope hanging down.

Enter HI L. 2 E. followed by a shower of missels and cries of rube, farmer and etc.

Hi. Never touched me! (*reads joke from paper*) "Why does a sailor know that the moon is made of green cheese? (*sits on box*) Because he has been to sea (see)—" (*laughs loud*) That's a pretty good one alright. (*laughs*) Here be another one. (*reads*) "What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow?" Ge-e-e! but that one is a corker. What is a spendthrift. S-p-e-n-d-t-h-r-i-f-t. Oh yes, I know what he is. He is a fellow that spends all his money. Lets see what the difference is—(*reads*) "One is hard up and the other is soft down" (*laughs*) Gosh, but that's a funny one too! But here is a piece of poetry. (*reads*) "Which is the stronger, see, a horse or a bumble bee? The horse pulls on the level, but the bumble bee backs up and pushes like the devil." (*laughs louder than ever*) Whew! but this Pickerings from Puck is great. I wonder where the Squire is. He came to the city to find Alice. I ain't goin' to feed the hogs and do the chores all by myself. 'Spect the Squire would be awful mad if he knew I came to the city. Guess I'll sit right here and if Alice comes along, I will stop her. Funny she wasn't at the house when Trixie and me went there. Wonder where she could be. Wonder where Trixie is. Wonder where anybody is. Guess I'm lost, but this must be the old wharf. Trixie told me to wait here for her. Wonder where she be.

Enter, TRIXIE. L. 2 E.

Trix. Hello Hi, are you here?

Hi. Course I be. Gosh, but I'm glad to see you, Trixie.

Trix. And I'm glad to see you, Hi. But I ain't found Alice yet. Nobody to home at the old house. Maybe we got in the wrong place, Hi.

Hi. Nop, that was the old frame house alright.

Trix. Then we will stay right around here and if them fellows find her and bring her here, we will be right here to help her.

Hi. Ge-e-e-e! but you are smart, Trixie.

Trix. 'Spect I am, but move over and let me sit down on part of your box. You ought to know enough to offer a lady a seat.

(Hi moves over and TRIXIE sits beside him on the box)

Hi. Say, Trixie, I like you.

Trix. Really, Hi?

Hi. Criss cross, honest truth.

(crosses breast)

Trix. Guess you're my beaux, ain't you, Hi?

Hi. Yep! Guess I am.

Trix. You ain't got any other girl, have you, Hi.

Hi. Naw! Course I ain't. You're my girl ain't you, Trixie?

Trix. Guess I am, but I haven't time to listen to you making love to me now. I have some important work to do. You go lay down and take a sleep and I'll watch for Alice to come along.

Hi. Gosh, I'll do it.

Trix. That's a good boy. Hi, don't snore.

Hi. (*goes up on wharf, looks around and then crawls down behind*) If you need my pertection, Trixie, just call me. I'll sleep with one eye open. Guess I won't sleep at all. I'll just get down in this nice cool place and read my Pickerings from Puck. (*disappears*)

Trix. Now I must find Alice and tell what I heard.

TRIXIE starts toward L. 2 E., meets JACK

Enter, JACK L. 2 E.—TRIXIE starts in surprise.

Jack. Hello, little one, I thought I left you back on the farm?

Trix. Oh Mr. Tramp, but I'm glad to see you. I—I—have something to tell you. I—I—know where Alice is.

Jack. You do? Well so do I.

Trix. Th—th—that isn't what I mean. I mean Mr. Bad Manners knows where she is and he has sent some bad men to get her and I fear they have her, because I went to the house and she wasn't there.

Jack. But I just left her at the house. Quick, child tell me what you mean.

Trix. Well I heard that man and two others talking about her.

Jack. What did they say. Quick, child tell me every word.

Trix. I'll tell you all I heard. I was selling papers and come right up close to them. I heard Mr. Bad Manners say that Alice was in the old frame house over yonder. He called one of the fellows Tug and told him to write Alice a letter and sign your name to it and tell her to meet you at this old wharf just after dark. Then he said he would take care of her. I know he means her harm.

Jack. You say she was to come here?

Trix. Yes, right here.

Jack. (*aside*) So Mannering is determined to get her, is he. I must know his game. I feel certain that Alice is Guy Mannering's child, but this unprincipled wretch of a brother must furnish me that proof. (*to Trixie*) Trixie, I have an idea.

Trix. What is it?

Jack. Are you willing to do something to help Alice?

Trix. You just bet I am.

Jack. Trixie, I know you are no coward, but you will need all your wits to do what I am going to ask you to do.

Trix. Fire away, I'm your cookoo!

Jack. Alice is now in yonder house—the one painted red. Go to the back door and you will find her. She is alone. Tell her not to leave the house under any circumstances. Then have her dress you in her clothes so as to make you look as much like her as possible. It will be dark when Mannering comes to meet Alice. He will meet you instead. I will be nearby to hear every word he says. I must learn his reason for persecuting Alice. I will see you at the house and tell you what to say to him. Are you afraid, Trixie?

Trix. Course I'm not afraid. Ge-e- but it's great fun being a detective. I'm off, Mr. Tramp. Ta, ta!

(TRIXIE goes to L. and stops near house)

Jack. (*aside*) Lucky Trixie overheard those fellows or they might have taken me by surprise. Now to give Mr. Richard Mannering

the greatest sell of his life. If Trixie can just carry her end through all will be well, and I will know for certain whether Alice is the lost heir or not. But what is that girl about. (*looking at TRIXIE*) Trixie, some here a minute.

TRIXIE comes back to JACK—HI peeps over the wharf and sees her

Jack. Say, Trixie, your a trump, and I'm so thankful to you that I had to call you back and give you a big hug.

JACK hugs TRIXIE—HI sees him and then drops back out of sight showing signs of jealousy.

Trix. Oh Mr Jack, you shouldn't do that.

Jack. Shouldn't I? Well then I'll do it anyway. But I must leave you now. Don't forget all I have told you and you had better not waste too much time. Tell Alice I will be there in a little bit.

Trix. I'll tell her.

Jack. (*goes to R.*) And look out for Mannering.

Trix. Oh but I ain't afraid of Bad Manners (*exit JACK R. 1—aside*) Ge-e-e what a nice fellow he is. I'll bet Alice likes him great. I just know he ain't a tramp at all. (*HI crawls up over wharf and passes TRIXIE, sits down on box without noticing her*) Hello Hi! Have your sleep?

Hi. No I didn't!

Trix. Why didn't you Hi?

Hi. None of your business.

Trix. What's the matter with you, Hi?

Hi. Nothin'

Trix. Yes there is, Hi.

Hi. There ain't, nuther!

Trix. I haven't done anything to make you mad, have I, Hi?

Hi. Maybe you ain't and maybe you have.

Trix. (*sits on box beside HI*) Hi, please don't get mad at me.

Hi. Will if I want to.

Trix. Then Hi Haskins, you can just stay mad, I don't care.

Hi. Maybe I will.

Trix. I don't like you one bit any more.

Hi. Don't care if you don't.

Trix. An-an-and I won't marry you when I get old enough.

Hi. Wouldn't have you, Miss Smartie.

Trix. Cause you couldn't get me, and you are nothin' but a mean foolish hayseed, so you are.

Hi. Well I ain't no poorhouse waif, so I ain't.

Trix. (*starts to cry*) I—I—can't help that and you shouldn't say such things to me y-y—yo—you are real mean.

Hi. You called me hayseed.

Trix. Th-th—that's not as bad as poorhouse waif. (*crying*)

Hi. Oh ain't it now? Well, I'm mad at you for keeps.

Trix. I—I—I—am sorry I made you mad, Hi. Won't you get pleased with me?

Hi. No.

Trix. (*edging closer*) Please do Hi.

Hi. I won't.

Trix. Hi, won't you kiss and make up?

Hi. No I won't. If you want a kiss you better go and ask Jack Sharp for it.

Trix. (from tears to smile) Oh Hi, I don't care nothin' for him—not that way, anyhow.

Hi. Oh don't you though. Then what do you let him hug you for?

Trix. Oh Hi, did you see him do it?

Hi. Course I did. You thought you were awful sly, but I saw you.

Trix. Hi, he didn't mean anything. He hugged me because he was so glad about what I told him about Alice.

Hi. (smiling) And you don't like him more than you do me?

Trix. Course I don't not half as much. Why Hi, he is Alice's beaux, I 'spect.

Hi. Gosh! What a big fool I was!

Trix. Course you was, Hi.

Hi. 'Trixie?

Trix. Yes, Hi.

Hi. Can I have the kiss?

Trix. What kiss?

Hi. The one you said I might have if I wouldn't be mad.

Trix. You don't ought to have it.

Hi. I ain't mad, 'Trixie.

Tri. Well you must catch me or you can't have it.

Hi. Gosh! I kin do that alright. (*TRIXIE starts to run, Hi after her—Hi chases her about, upsetting barrels and boxes—comedy adlib fails and etc.—TRIXIE finally dashes through door 1, 1 Hi after her who gets tangled in rope fastened to boxes and bundles over the doorway and pulls them down upon his head—he falls flat*) Never touched me!

Enter, EZRA 1. E., remains at door.

Ezra. Well, I'll touch you, you young skallawag! What does all this mean?

Hi. I was trying to catch 'Trixie.

Ezra. What for?

Hi. She said that if I could catch her I could have a kiss.

Ezra. A kiss, eh? Well I'll give you a kick! Take that!

(*EZRA kicks Hi as he rises and sends him through 1. D. on a run*)

Hi. Never touched me.

Ezra. Well I don't know what in tarnal nation I be goin' to do with that boy. He be gettin' wuss and wuss. Now what in the name of common sense be he doin' here in Bosting. I left him back on the farm to do up the chores. I'll just go after him and see. (*starts forward, and looks off r. 2 E.*) Hello, here comes that other critter. I'll just see what he has to tell me.

Enter, JACK R. 2 E.

Jack. Hello Squire. I see you are here ahead of time.

Ezra. Yes, I be here, young fellow and I want to know what you have to tell me.

Jack. Well, Squire Simpson, you must first know that I am no more a tramp than you are.

Ezra. Well what be you then?

Jack. I am simply in disguise. Squire, I'm in the employ of Gregory, the lawyer and I'm doing a bit of detective work for him. I will tell you the story. Mr. Gregory had a client, a very wealthy man, by the name of Guy Mannering.

Ezra. Guy Mannering, did you say? (*surprised*) Why that's the name of the fellow that married my poor sister Annie, and left her with her two children to starve. What do you know about him?

Jack. Only that he died, leaving a lot of money for his children, should they be found.

Ezra. But his children be dead—burned to death years ago.

Jack. There is where I think you are wrong. I am sure I have found one of them—but you must help me gather the missing links and establish the proof.

Ezra. But I know the children are dead, so you may as well give up your search. They be my own sisters children, and she told me about their terrible death before she died. It was the shock that killed her.

Jack. If that be really true, then my hopes are crushed, but I felt certain that your adopted daughter was no other than Guy Mannering's eldest child.

Ezra. Well you needn't build any more hopes on that, young fellow.

Jack. I fear not, yet I shall watch Dick Mannering, and learn his game. But tell me, Squire, do you know anything about the parents of your adopted daughter?

Ezra. Nothing at all, sir.

Jack. That fact strengthens my theory. And do you not suspect why Mannering is persecuting the girl?

Ezra. I can't even guess.

Jack. Well, I'm going to find out, and when I do get the truth, you can count on it, Squire Simpson, that I will have some startling information for you.

Ezra. I fear you are building them air castles, young fellow.

Jack. Wait and see! But come now and I'll take you to Alice; but I warn you that she feels rather bad and you better beg her pardon for accusing her of taking that money.

Ezra. Indeed, Mister, I'll be glad to do it! and I'll take her back home again and she won't never have cause to leave it.

Jack. That's the way to talk, Squire! Now you walk right on and I will follow you. (*exit EZRA, L. E.—JACK varies a bit.*) Well I hardly know what to make out of this. The old man seems so certain that the children both perished. If that proves to be true, then my clues amount to nothing. Still I have one more chance. Mannering must know the truth. Now to instruct Trixie, and then to steal the enemy's secret, and if I am not mistaken, in spite of the old man's assurances that the children are dead, I will yet prove Alice Simpson to be Guy Mannering's child, and the niece of the man who has cared for her all these years in ignorance of her relationship to him.

(*exit L. E.—lights turned down*)

Enter, MANNERING, R. L. E.

Dick. Most eight o'clock. It's about time the girl was coming if Tug has not failed me. Well, this night must see a turn in my favor. I'll force the girl to marry me, or I'll put an end to her forever. A few days' confinement in the old factory attic will bring her to her senses, I guess. If not—well, in that case I will simply have to furnish proofs of the girl's death and claim the money. *(looks off l.)* Someone coming. A woman. Good! The boys have succeeded. Now it's up to me.

Enter TRIXIE, L. E., as ALICE, heavily veiled

Trixie. Jack.

Dick. I'm here, Miss Simpson.

Trix. You are not Mr. Sharpe.

Dick. No, I am not Jack Sharpe! I am Richard Mannering, and I have been waiting here for you.

Trix. I don't want to see you. I am going home.

(starts to go l.)

Dick. *(grasping TRIXIE by the wrist)* Not so quickly, lady! I have something to say to you. Will you be sensible and listen, or not?

Trix. I suppose I must listen to you.

Dick. Now you are sensible, Alice. Well I have made up my mind to marry you, and I swear that you shall not thwart me in my determination. Now you might wonder at me wanting to marry a nameless vagabond like you. I will tell you; in the first place, you are not nameless, in fact, you already bear my own honored name; you are Guy Mannering's child, and the old farmer with whom you lived is your own uncle; Anna Simpson was your mother.

Trix. Ho—how do you know this?

Dick. The likeness in the locket that you showed me is of my brother. Before your father's death he told me of that locket as a means of identifying you and not only that, but I have other proofs.

Trix. Then if you are my uncle, why are you so cruel to me?

Dick. It was your father's dying wish that I marry you; he left me a large sum of money on condition that I search for you and when I found you, make you my wife. Should you not marry me, we both lose the money. Now be sensible, Alice, and say you will marry me.

Trix. And if I refuse?

Dick. I will force you to marry me because I do not intend to let that money slip through my fingers now that I have found you.

Trix. You mean that you will try to force Alice Simpson to marry you?

Dick. Girl, what do you mean?

Trix. Only that now I know who Alice really is!

Dick. And you are not Alice Simpson?

Trix. No, not Alice—only Trixie.

(throws back veil)

Dick. Then you know the secret?

Trix. Bet your life I do!

Dick. Well, you will never live to betray me, girl!

MANNERING grasps TRIXIE and drags her up the wharf and pushes her over.

Enter, JACK, L. E., running to the wharf—MANNERING struggles with him, hits him over the head and pushes him to the front off of wharf—JACK rises to renew attack upon MANNERING, when TUG enters with two clubs—MANNERING and TUG both rush at JACK with raised clubs to strike him, when EZRA enters L. with two big horse pistols—covers TUG and MANNERING.

Ezra. Time!

Dick. Who are you?

Ezra. Squire Ezra Simpson of Simpson's Corners, Massachusetts, to the rescue, by gosh!

Hi. (rises from rear of wharf with TRIXIE in his arms.) Never touched me!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Street in Boston, in 1st groove—lamp post with billboard attached, near R. E.

Enter, EZRA, L. E.

Ezra. Great tomatoes! the excitement of this evening has been nigh unto too much for me. And so that young detective fellow was right! Alice is really my poor sister Annie's child. Perhaps the other one be alive too. And Alice be a rich gal at that. Maybe her poor dad wasn't so bad after all. Poor chap, he be dead now, and I won't say a word agin the dead. My but wasn't that fellow Mannering a schemer? Wanted to marry Alice so as to get all her money. Gosh derned if he didn't git fooled fer once. Expect that young detective fellow be a pretty smart chap. And leetle Trixie. Gosh! but didn't she fool him slicker than a whistle? Everything be jest coming out right. I'll take both the gals back to Simpson's Corners, so I will, by gosh! Whoopee! but I will be happy. I'm jest happy enough to play the fool awhile. Nobody around so I'll jest practice up a bit fer thet Literary Society meeting at Simpson's Corners next week. (specially may be introduced here by EZRA—looks off R.) Gosh! here comes the kid thet told me to crow at three o'clock!

Enter, TRIXIE, R. E., as newsboy, calling papers.

Trix. Papers, extras! All about the big strike. Paper, country?

Ezra. Say, sonny, how did you know I was from the country?

Trix. The little birds whispered it to me, see?

Ezra. (looking around) I don't see any birds.

Trix. Well, they have crowd and gone to roost, see? Want a paper?

Ezra. No, I don't want a paper, see?

Trix. All about the big strike.

Ezra. What strike? I ain't heard tell of any.

Trix. Why the cook struck the dishwasher.

Ezra. Well, swear.

Trix. Well don't do it here, you might get pinched. Say Mister, can you change a five?

Ezra. (*putting hand on wallet*) Not by a darned sight. I got buncoed on one five dollar counterfeit today.

Trix. Who said anything about five dollars? I meant a nickel, see?

Ezra. Well I aint no bank, by gosh!

Trix. Say, Mr. Country, if nice fresh butter is selling at twenty cents a pound, what will a ton of coal come to?

Ezra. Blamed if I know.

Trix. Ashes, of course. (*laughs loud and exit R. E.*)

Ezra. If fresh country butter is selling for twenty cents a pound, what will a ton of coal come to? Ashes. (*laughs in mockery of Trix*)

Enter, JACK, R. E., excited.

Jack. Squire, your just the man I wanted to see! I have bad news for you, Alice has disappeared.

Ezra. Alice has disappeared? Where?

Jack. Don't know. She just stepped out of the house to get a drink at the pump. She didn't return at once and we went out to look for her. We were unable to find a trace of her.

Ezra. This must be more of that Mannering's work.

Jack. Not a bit of doubt about that, he has had her spirited away.

Ezra. Then, by gosh I'll find him and make him bring her back, and if he don't do it, bang-bang goes these toys, (*pulls pistols out of boots*) and off goes his head. Come along, Mr. Detective.

(*exit JACK and EZRA L. E.*)

Enter, TRIXIE R. E., holding Hi's hand and pulling him along— and looks off i.

Trix. Gee! Hi, there comes Mr. Bad Manners and his pal; let's hide and see what they are up to; quick, Hi, behind this board.

(*hide behind billboard.*)

Enter, DICK and TUG, L. E.

Dick. You say you got the girl safe enough?

Tug. Sure 'nug, Cap! Easy as rolling off a log. We layed about the house and pretty soon she came out to the pump. Chub and me slipped up behind her, clapped the rag to her nose and she never struggled.

Dick. Where is she now?

Tug. Locked in the attic room of the old box factory. The window is nailed up with boards and here is the key to the door. (*hands key to Dick*) Ain't likely she is over the chloroform yet, but you better see that she is safe.

Dick. Tug, you go and guard the place. I'll be there in an hour. Do not leave her alone a moment after she comes to. There must be no bungling this time. I'll bring a fellow with me who will per-

form the wedding ceremony, and once she is my wife, I'll defy them all. Better disguise yourself in your favorite jew makeup. Now go, and don't let her get away. I'll walk a block with you.

(exit, DICK and TUG, TRIXIE and HI step from behind billboard.)

Trix. Oh gee! they have Alice again. What are we to do?

Hi. Lick 'em like the devil again!

Trix. But where is Alice now?

Hi. Why, in the attic of the old box factory, that fellow said.

Trix. But how can we get to her? I have it, we will find the detective fellow. He will be sure to get her.

Hi. Never thought of him.

Trix. Come on quick, Hi! Now to find Mr. Jack and tell him what we heard.

Hi. And we will buncoe them, we will, by gosh!

CURTAIN

SCENE II—Attic in the old box factory—kitchen or den scene—R. and L. entrances—rear door and window—window boarded up—barrels and boxes scattered about—two or three old stools or broken chairs—rough table in center—ALICE discovered lying upon pile of straw in L. corner

Enter DICK C. D., walks over to where ALICE lies and looks at her in silence a moment.

Dick. *(laughs)* Ha, ha, ha! caged at last my pretty little wild bird. Well, I'll see that you don't get away this time. We'll have a mock wedding here in a few minutes and you won't know that it isn't genuine, but it will serve my purpose just as well. I'll get the papers all properly made out, and Tug will be the reverend minister—it's a good joke. *(ALICE moves slightly)* Oh, ho! you are coming to, are you? Well, it's time. *(pauses)* Now to cheer you up a bit.

Alice. *(sits up slowly and looks around in bewilderment)* Where am I?

Dick. Oh, you're with a good friend, alright enough.

Alice. *(startled)* You here, Mr. Mannering? Oh yes, I remember now, I went out to get a drink of water, someone came upon me from behind—I couldn't call for help—I must have fainted. It was you who brought me here. Why am I in this place?

Dick. Well, you are partly right; I didn't bring you here, but a friend of mine did. It's just the same.

Alice. *(rises)* But I must go home now. Won't you take me home?

Dick. Well, I hardly think I will—at least, not just now.

Alice. Then I shall go alone.

Dick. I don't think you will do that, either.

Alice. What do you mean? You speak so strangely.

Dick. I didn't go to the trouble to have you brought here to allow you to go away so soon.

Alice. You had me brought here?

Dick. Certainly.

Alice. What for?

Dick. Well what, innocence? To make you my wife, of course.

Alice. I shall never marry you!

Dick. I am sure you will.

Alice. I will die first.

Dick. You have no choice in the matter. I swore to make you my wife, and I'm going to keep my oath.

Alice. No minister would bind me to you against my wishes.

Dick. Don't build any hopes on that. I know one who will make you Mrs. Mannering all solid enough; in fact, he is on his way here now.

Alice. I don't believe you.

Dick. I don't care whether you will believe me or not; you will soon see for yourself.

Alice. You are a contemptable coward, sir!

Dick. Call me what you like, names are immaterial to me.

Alice. My uncle shall make you suffer for your insults to me.

Dick. Oh, ho! so you know who you are, do you? The other little brat told you all she new, did she? Well, your worthy uncle shall have a new nephew as well as a niece.

Alice. If you don't allow me to go from here I shall cry for help.

Dick. Oh dear me, do so by all means; I assure you it will avail you nothing.

Alice. Oh, why does God allow such inhuman monsters as you to live?

Dick. Because the devil is not ready to claim his own, I guess. *(footsteps heard)* But listen! I hear someone on the steps now. The minister must be coming; now be sensible my dear, and all will be well enough. You cannot escape, I swear it.

Alice. I pray God to deliver me from the toils of such a serpent as you.

Dick. Your prayers are useless. *(rap heard on c. d.)* Come in.

Enter JACK, C. D., disguised as a minister.

Ah, your reverence, we have been waiting for you, and as our time is limited, you had better proceed at once.

Jack. Is the lady in readiness?

Alice. *(running to JACK and kneeling at his feet)* Oh sir, save me from—

Dick. *(grasping ALICE by the arm and pulling her roughly away)* Your reverence, the lady is ready.

(DICK holds ALICE to his side while minister takes position.)

Jack. Richard Mannering, do you take this lady for your lawfully wedded wife?

Dick. I do.

Jack. Alice Simpson, do you take the man for your lawfully wedded husband?

Alice. No! no! A thousand times, no!

Jack. Then you needn't marry him.

Dick. Tug, what does this mean?

Jack. It means that again you have overstepped your bounds—it means that again you have been checkmated!

Dick. Then you are not Tug Smith?

Jack. No, not Tug Smith, but Jack Sharpe, at your service!

JACK removes wig and whiskers and covers DICK with revolver—ALICE flings herself into JACK'S free arm—JACK and ALICE back toward the door, keeping DICK covered.

Enter, TUG, C. D., and steps behind JACK.

Dick. Well, you have the best of me this time, I admit, but my time will come, and then—(TUG close behind JACK) Quick Tug! nail him!

TUG strikes JACK over the head and staggers him, then quickly grasps him about the arms and pinions him—JACK drops his revolver—DICK grabs ALICE and pulls her away, then runs to the door and fastens it—ALICE picks up JACK'S revolver unseen by DICK—TUG binds JACK—DICK goes toward ALICE.

Jack. (dazed) Kill him if he comes near you, Alice!

Alice. (as DICK approaches her) Stand back or I'll fire!

(covers DICK with revolver.)

Dick. (stopping short) Quick Tug, grab her! (ALICE is taken off her guard and turns, expecting to see TUG—DICK rushes toward her, but ALICE turns quickly and fires point blank at DICK—bullet strikes DICK in the arm—TUG grabs ALICE—JACK being bound.) Curse you, you little hussy! That act will cost you both your lives; yes, I'll settle with you both now and for good. Here, Tug, bring her to this table; I will get the fellow, we will bind them together on this table. (ALICE and JACK are forced upon the table in a sitting posture, back to back and bound together—their feet are bound together under the table.) Now, Tug, get that box of dynamite in the other room and we will put it under the table and blow them both up with this old mill. (exit TUG, L. E.—DICK laughs) Ha, ha, ha! Now you see who holds the winning hand. When you think you can outwit Richard Mannering, you make a sad mistake.

Enter, Tug, L. E., quickly with dynamite.

Got it, Tug?

Tug. Sure.

Dick. Put it under the table there and light the fuse. (TUG lights the fuse) Now Tug, go into the other room and fire the building; we will make double sure of our game this time. (TUG exit L. E. to set fire to the house—remains outside while DICK speaks to ALICE and JACK—smoke and fire enters room.) Now, curse you both, you will soon be out of my way for ever; all your money will go to me, Alice Mannering, your father left you and your brat of a sister a half million, but I will get it all; (laughs) I shall enjoy myself; but before I go, let me tell you one thing, your sister still lives, in fact you know her well; the little brat who impersonated you at the wharf this very night was your sister. She has a locket like yours, but I have other proofs. Next I shall get her out of my way and then no one will stand between me and your father's money; it shall be all mine, every dollar of it. I tell you this, because in three minutes you will both be dead and out of my way forever.

Enter, TUG, l. e.

Come on Tug, lock the door as we go out. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! How comfortable you two must feel now! Why don't you try to console each other? (*both go to c. d.*) But I must bid you good-bye; I wish you both a safe journey. (*exit TUG and DICK c. d., fastening it.*)

Jack. (*after tugging at ropes and trying to move from table*) Alice, it is useless—we are doomed—we have but a minute left on earth. I will tell you what I would not have told you yet had we been spared. Alice, I have learned to love you; tell me dear, that you might have returned my love in time; I can then die easier.

Alice. Jack, you have done so much for me, how could I keep my heart from going out to you. Yes, Jack, I love you.

Jack. I am happy even on the brink of death. God bless you, little girl, for those words. We shall soon be united never to part—yes, united in Heaven by—but hush! (*listens*) What is that?

Rope strikes against boards on window—sound of someone climbing up—boards knocked from window with an axe.

Enter, HI, through the window from rope.

Jack. Quick HI! For Heaven sake take the dynamite from under the table and throw it from the window!

HI grabs the dynamite from under the table and throws it from the window—explosion follows—TRIXIE hanging to rope appears at window at moment of explosion—smoke and flames from l. e.—HI cuts rope from ALICE and JACK—lath and plaster falling from above from shock of explosion hits HI and knocks him down.

Hi. (*sitting up*) Never touched me!

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

SCENE—Same as act 1—MELINDA discovered at table mixing dough—EZRA seated near the table in a sulky mood.

Melinda. Law sakes, Ezra, but I wish it be my wedding that I be preparing for.

Ezra. Huh! Who would marry you?

Melinda. Maybe you think I ain't good enough to get married.

Ezra. 'Spect you're good enough to get married, Melinda.

Melinda. Well, Deacon Jones be coming 'round here uncommon often lately.

Ezra. Pshaw! Melinda, you wouldn't marry him. Why they say as how he starved his first wife to death.

Melinda. Then there be Zeb Bowers, they say as how he owns twenty-five head of cattle, a dozen horses and fifty sheep, and a couple hundred chickens.

Ezra. Great tomatoes! Melinda, you would kill yourself pailing the cows and feeding the sheep and chickens—besides there be a big

mortgage on his farm.

Melinda. Then there be preacher Smithers, he has been making sheep's eyes at me of late.

Ezra. Great horned toads! Melinda, you surely wouldn't think of marrying parson Smithers. Why he don't get enough money to keep a wife on. The folks never pay him any money, they just give him potatoes, flour and clothes and stuff like that, and you wouldn't stand for that.

Melinda. Then law sakes, Ezra, who be I going to marry?

Ezra. Say, Melinda, be you really wanting to get married?

Melinda. Law sakes now, Ezra, you ought to know I don't want to die an old maid.

Ezra. Then why in tarnal nation don't you marry me?

Melinda. 'Cause you never asked me

Ezra. Git out! now Melinda, didn't I honestly?

Melinda. Course you didn't

Ezra. Well, Melinda, will you marry me?

Melinda. (*drops into chair*) Law sakes, Ezra, this be so sudden!

Ezra. Sudden! Why I thought as how you have been expecting it for the last ten years. But be you willing to marry me or not, Melinda?

Melinda. Let me see; Mrs. Squire Ezra Simpson. I like the name and all it carries with it. (*claps her hands in air*) Good-bye, dear maidenhood, good-bye forever. (*to EZRA*) Yes, Ezra, I'll be your dear little tootsy-wootsy wifie, and hereafter I shall look for protection in the shelter of your strong arms.

Ezra. Melinda, come into camp!

EZRA and MELINDA embrace—MELINDA'S hands covered with flour leave hand prints on EZRA'S back—HI appears in door.

Hi. Never touched him!

Melinda. Oh, Ezra!

(*trying to pull away.*)

Enter, HI, L. C. D.

Hi. Squire Simpson's huggin' aunt Melinda! (*laughs—MELINDA breaks away from EZRA and runs from the room—EZRA grabs up chunk of dough and throws it at HI, knocking him down—gets up quickly.*) Never touched me! Say, Squire, be you going to marry aunt Melinda?

Ezra. That ain't none of your business, Hi Haskins.

Hi. She's been waiting on you a long time, Squire.

Ezra. Hi, you shut up.

Hi. Say, Squire, ain't Alice and that Jack Sharpe fellow married now?

Ezra. Of course they be.

Hi. And you and aunt Melinda be going to get married, ain't you?

Ezra. Maybe.

Hi. Squire, I wish I could get married to.

Ezra. Well, who would marry you, Hi?

Hi. Same parson that married Alice.

Ezra. I mean what woman?

Hi. Don't want no woman, I want a man to marry me.

Ezra. You idiot! I mean what woman would have you for a husband?

Hi. 'Spect that there be one that would, but I say, Squire, Trixie is coming and she has something important to say to you.

(*crosses to L. C. D. and motions to TRIXIE.*)

Enter, TRIXIE, L. C. D.

Hi. Be brave and tell him like a man, Trixie.

(*TRIXIE crosses to EZRA, sheepishly.*)

Ezra. (*seriously*) Hum! What do you want?

Trix. (*goes to Hi.*) Yo-yo-you tell him, Hi.

Hi. (*bravely*) Well you see, Squire, I thought-er Trixie thought-er-er we both thought—

Ezra. Well, what do you thought?

Hi. (*to TRIXIE.*) Trixie, you tell him what we thought.

Trix. Well, Squire, you see I thought-er Hi-er that is we thought—

Ezra. Well, what in tarnation did you both thought?

Trix. (*to Hi.*) You tell him, Hi.

Hi. (*to TRIXIE.*) You tell him, Trixie, I'm afraid.

Trix. (*to Hi.*) Coward, coward! Fraidie calf!

Hi. I'm not afraid, neither; just you watch me. (*steps boldly up to EZRA*) Squire!

Ezra. (*gruffly*) Well!

Hi. (*scared—steps back*) Oh, Lordiel!

Trix. Fraidy calf! fraidy calf!

Hi. I told you I wasn't afraid. (*walks up boldly to EZRA.*) Squire, Trixie wants to marry me and she wants to know if you will let her?

Trix. (*goes to EZRA.*) Yes, Squire, Hi wants to marry me and he wants to know if you will let him?

Ezra. Hum! This is a rather serious matter. (*takes chair*) Children, the court has now convened and the judge is on the bench ready to listen to the evidence, pro and con; you kids want to get married, eh?

Hi. Yep!

Trix. Course we do.

Ezra. Let me see; Hi, you are twenty, and Trixie, you are fifteen. Won't do, Trixie, you are too young.

Hi. But we can wait four or five years, Squire.

Trix. Course we can, Squire.

Ezra. Then, again, Hi has no money to keep a wife on.

Hi. Oh that's alright, Squire, Trixie has lots of money now, and she can keep herself and me to.

Trix. Course I can.

Ezra. Such an arrangement will never do, but I won't throw any sticks in you kid's way; in about five years, if Hi works right good and saves his money and you both don't find someone as you like better than you do each other, and you still want to, then maybe you can get married.

Hi. Well that's all I wanted to know. Come on, Trixie, we are engaged now.

(*exit TRIXIE and Hi, arm in arm L. C. D.*)

Ezra. (*slapping his knees and laughing.*) Well I swear! Marrying must be in the air. Well I'm too happy now to put cold water on

them children's happiness I be, by gosh!

Enter, MELINDA, R. E. —looks about cautiously before entering.

Melinda. Did he see us, Ezra?

Ezra. See us, course he did. And say, Melinda, what do you think them kids want?

Melinda. Can't even guess.

Ezra. They want to get married.

Melinda. Law sake, now Ezra, how foolish.

Ezra. I noticed that Hi was sprucin' up lately and washin' his neck and ears without being told, and do you know them two be just like a pair of kittens.

Melinda. How simple some folks can be when they get in love. We couldn't be like that now could we, Ezra?

Ezra. Now you get out, Melinda.

Melinda. Law sakes, now Ezra!

Ezra. Say Melinda, just thought of somethin' I wanted to tell you about.

MANNERING appears at window dirty and ragged —listens unseen by EZRA and MELINDA.

Melinda. What be it Ezra?

Ezra. Well, the money I got from the bank today to pay off that old mortgage be in the old coffee pot in the cupboard; 'spect as how it would be safer for you to put it in the old valice and put it in the trunk up in Alice's room. You know there will be a lot of folks here tonight and you never can tell just what will happen.

Melinda. You can't be too careful and that's certain. I'll just get the valice right off.

Exit MELINDA L. E. —DICK dodges below window —EZRA gets the coffee pot from the cupboard and returns to table.

Ezra. It's the same old coffee pot as has held a heap of money, and the last money it held pretty near wrecked our home. Poor Alice, I did wrong to doubt her, but I expect she be happy now and if it hadn't been for sending her away she might never have met that young detective chap. Jack be a pretty smart chap and I expect he will make Alice a good husband. I know she thinks a powerful sight of him too.

Enter, MELINDA L. E., with valice.

Get the valice, Melinda? *(DICK appears at window again.)*

Melinda. Here it be, Ezra.

Ezra. *(puts money in valice.)* Now you just hide it up in the old trunk and it will be safe enough.

Melinda. Course it will.

Exit, MELINDA, L. E., with valice —DICK disappears —sound of horses outside —EZRA goes to door.

Ezra. And I must go out and see that the old brindie cow and her calf be well cared for. Alice and Jack will soon be here now. How

happy the dear children must be, and I'm just as happy going to marry Melinda. Whoopee! Blame my old pictures, I be acting just like a kid with a brand new pair of skates. Hurrah! (EZRA starts for C. D.)

Enter, TRIXIE and HI, L. C. E., with camera—HI's face dirty.

Ezra. What be the trouble, children?

Hi. Ain't no trouble at all; I was just trying to take Trixie's picture and her face busted the camera, that's all.

Trixie. Huh! guess it was your own face that busted it.

Ezra. Well, from the looks of Hi, I think the machine busted his face. (*sound of horse's hoofs.*) Listen, children, there be Jack and Alice coming home at last. (*steps to door.*) Yes, it do be them; you, Hi, go and wash your face, and you, Trixie, come with me. 'Spect we better go and welcome them back.

(*exit HI, R. E., TRIXIE and EZRA, C. D.*)

Enter DICK, C. D.

Dick. This is a risky bit of business for me, but I must have money. So you put the money in the little valise and hid it in the trunk in Alice's bedroom, did you? I'm getting tired of being hunted down like an animal and this money will get me out of the country. Everything has gone against me. I played a bold game and lost. So the happy bride is returning—well, I never wanted the girl, 'twas the money I wanted. I'd like to settle accounts with that accursed Jack Sharpe before I go, and I owe that blubbering idiot of a Hi Haskins one also. (*sound of voices.*) Behold, the bride and groom come. I will hide in the girl's room until I get the money and have a chance to get away. (*exit DICK, L. E.*)

Enter EZRA, TRIXIE, JACK and ALICE C. E., all talking and laughing.

Ezra. Welcome home, children, welcome home! Melinda is preparing for the reception, as you call it. Some of the neighbors will be in, and we will have some singing and dancing and the like.

Alice. Oh daddy, how glad I am to get back to the dear old home, and you are so good to go to all this trouble for us.

Ezra. No trouble at all, and I expect you aint no gladder to get back than we be to have you back; and I say Jack, my boy, how do you like married life by this time?

Jack. Just fine; Alice is the dearest little wife that ever lived. (*putting his arm about ALICE.*)

Enter, HI, R., hanging back and not seen by the others.

Trixie. (*hugging ALICE.*) Oh sis, but I am glad to see you back.

Alice. Dear little sister, and to think you really are my sister.

Trixie. Oh we're sisters alright enough.

Alice. And how I have missed you while we have been away.

Trixie. Expect I've missed you to—but I say (*to JACK.*) Jack, old brother, aint you going to give your sister a kiss?

Jack. 'To be sure.

(*JACK kisses TRIXIE—HI looks duggers at him and fidgets about.*)

Trixie. Say, Jack, if sis don't care you can do it again.

JACK goes to kiss TRIXIE again, when HI steps between them and pulls TRIXIE away.

Hi. Expect one be about a plenty.

Trix. Guess you needn't care, a girl has a right to have someons to kiss, and if you're too bashful to do it you needn't mind Jack, anyway he's my brother now.

Jack. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! Hi is jealous.

(*All laugh and guy HI, who walks proudly about the room.*)

Trix. But I say, Daddy, here is a letter I just found out under the window; you better read it. (*hands letter to EZRA.*)

Ezra. (*handing letter to JACK.*) You read it, Jack.

Jack. (*unfolding letter*) Why this letter belongs to Richard Mannering. How came you by it, Trixie?

Trix. Found it right under the window.

Ezra. Read it, Jack.

Jack. (*reads*) Mr. Richard Mannering, Dear Sir:—Your letter of inquiry regarding your brother's children, received. The children were removed from St. Mary's Orphan Asylum to the county poor-house two nights before the asylum burned. The transfer was made owing to some irregularity in the admission of the children to the ill-fated asylum. I found the record of the transfer after much trouble, which conclusively proves that the children did not perish in the flames. I trust this information is satisfactory. Respectfully yours, Jacob Houston.

Ezra. Well! That settles that point; nothing like having the real proof and now we have it; lucky for you girls that you were moved.

Jack. I wonder where this letter came from.

Alice. Perhaps Richard Mannering has been here recently and dropped it.

Ezra. Well he don't want to let me see him about here or I'll practice up with my old shot gun.

Jack. We had better be on the lookout for him at any rate, he may be up to some of his old tricks; yet it is my opinion that he is many miles from here.

Enter MELINDA, R.—embraces ALICE, shakes JACK's hand and is about to kiss him when the SQUIRE pulls her back.

Melinda. Law sakes now children, and have you really come back? I'm so glad to see you.

Hi. (*stepping forward*) Say Alice.

Alice. What is it Hi?

Hi. What do you think?

Alice. You will have to tell me.

Hi. Squire and Aunt Melinda are going to get married.

Melinda. Law sake, now Ezra, just listen to him.

Hi. It's a fact Alice, I saw them hugging each other just a bit ago.

Melinda. Law sake, now Ezra, just you make that boy stop.

Trix. And now lets have a dance.

Omnes. Dance, dance, get your partners.

All get paired off for a dance—DICK appears at the door with satchel in his hand—HI sees him—DICK makes exit on run, C. D.—HI after him—loud sounds and slaps from outside—dancers stop and look in amazement—enter HI, with satchel all torn, clothes torn, face black and dirty—crosses to center.

Hi. Never touched me!

CURTAIN.

A PAIR OF COUNTRY KIDS

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Ezra Simpson—Melinda waiting for Ezra to pop—A bit of good fortune—Ezra lacks courage to propose—Trixie, the waif from the poor-house, arrives and interrupts a proposal—"Do I get a job Squire?"—"One thing is certain, Ezra Simpson never turned a hungry person from his door."—Melinda disgusted—"Why didn't the Lord keep her in the poor-house just a little longer?"—Richard Mannering searching for his dead brother's children—The locket—A story and Richard's discovery—A proposal of marriage and its refusal—Jack Sharpe disguised as a tramp, makes an enemy—"Sis, a man who threatens a lady is a coward."—"Why does Richard want to marry this simple country girl?"—Suspicious aroused—Trixie makes the acquaintance of Hi Haskins—Hi looses a part of his wardrobe—The "Country Kids" find a cider jug and imbibe a little too freely of its contents—Richard robs Squire Simpson and plans that Alice shall be accused of the theft—Alice driven from home.

ACT II.—Boston—Tug and Chub, as tough as they make them—Planning the abduction of Alice—Trixie disguised as a newsboy, searching for Alice—Ezra arrives in the city and is buncoed by Tug and Chub—"I feel certain that Alice Simpson is Guy Mannering's child."—Hi shows that he is jealous of Jack—Mannering throws Trixie from wharf, and she is rescued by Hi—"Never touched me."

ACT III.—Boston—Trixie plays a joke on Squire Simpson—Alice is abducted by Richard, who tries to force her to marry him, but is foiled by Jack, who is disguised as a minister—The flight, in which Richard sets fire to the building—Hi to the rescue.

ACT IV.—Home of Squire Simpson—The Squire finally proposes to Melinda and is accepted—Hi and Trixie in love, but the Squire thinks they are too young to be married—Richard discovers where Squire Simpson has concealed his money and plots to get it—Homecoming of Jack and Alice—Squire and Hi both jealous—"Expect one be a plenty"—The letter lost by Richard Mannering which proves that Alice and Trixie are the daughters of Guy Mannering—Richard tries to escape from house with the Squire's money but Hi, who discovers him, rescues the satchel containing the money and all ends happily—"Never touched me."

—x—

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Table, red table cloth, old cupboard, fire place or stove, rocking chair and common chair, jug, bench, bucket of water, dipper, wash basin, an old coffee pot and paper money; cigar, cane and letter for Dick; large purse, locket and chain for Alice; locket and chain, delapidated valise and piece of berry pie for Trixie; newspaper, an old grain sack and marbels for Hi.

ACT II. Newspapers for Trixie; large wallet with a long string around it, carpet-bag and pistol for Ezra; large and small boxes, barrel, rope and small bundle for door; newspaper for Hi.

ACT III. Lamp-post with billboard, barrels, boxes, two or three old broken chairs, rough table, pile of straw, box of dynamite and axe; revolver for Jack.

ACT IV. Chunk of dough and valise for Melinda; camera for Hi; letter for Trixie.

↔ The Only Girl. ↔

Comedy-drama in four acts, by Mina Gennell, for 7 male, (can double to 4 male) 4 female characters. Time of playing, 1 hour, 50 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Henry Robins' summer home—"Where am dat pesky child anyhow"—Mr. Robins and family return from the city—"She absolutely refuses to call me mother"—Dot and her stray dog—"Well, it strikes me you're kind of friendly with Marie, all-right, all-right"—"Don't get mad about it"—Dot tells a fish story—A lesson in spelling—"Ta-ta, Sandy, see you later"—Mr. Sanford proposes to Marie—"My daughter's fortune shall be placed beyond your reach"—A dastardly murder—Fred accused—Dot—"I will bring the real assassin to justice, I swear it."

ACT II.—One year later—Fred in prison, accused of murdering his father—Samuel and Dot plan a rescue—"Oh Marie, he is our bitterest enemy"—"By golly, I don't like no cheap man"—Sanford confronted by Dot—Marie's promise—Lindy's drefful dream—Fred rescued from prison by Dot.

ACT III.—Marie and Sanford—"I cannot break my promise to Dot"—Plotting the abduction of Marie—Dot disguised as a boot-black overhears an important conversation—"Paddy Waites, de toughest kid in de city"—The villian foiled by Dot—The written confession of Victor Sanford—Dot appears in the nick of time.

ACT IV.—The expected bridegroom—"I done seed a red headed man on a white horse, an' dat am always a sure sign of trouble brewin'"—Dot shows her new dress much to the disgust of Aunt Lindy, who hates to see such suffication—A broken promise—Dot jealous—"If I could secure that confession, I would have nothing to fear"—An interrupted wedding—Fred proven innocent—"There stands the murderer of my father—Death of Sanford—Marriage of Samuel and Dot.

Price 25 cents.

Tuff's Boarder.

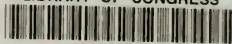
A Farce in 1 act, by Robert Henry Diehl, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Mr. Tuff, (a would-be-Congressman) overhears his boarder, (who is an actor) rehearsing a play. The plot for the capture of the supposed villian by Mr. Tuff and servant, Norah Casey, causes much excitement. Costumes modern. Can be staged anywhere. Time of performance, 20 minutes. Price 15cts.

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102	7	4	287	1	1
63	3	3	317	5	3
62	7	3	324	5	1
58	0	3	345	4	0
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87	5	2	220	3	0
394	8	5	379	3	0
257	7	3	188	3	0
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388	4	2	227	2	1
131	4	2	233	3	2
225	4	4	154	4	2
388	5	4	274	5	2
350	3	2	209	5	3
207	8	3	307	4	3
199	5	3	271	5	0
421	8	5	116	4	2
383	7	2	140	1	1
323	4	3	74	4	2
171	3	3	395	4	3
357	9	3	398	2	0
341	3	3	308	4	2
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126	8	6	498	5	2
370	6	3	303	2	3
265	5	3	389	1	1
114	9	4	380	4	2
354	4	3	228	2	1
219	4	1	302	3	2
239	3	2	106	3	0
404	6	2	288	5	3
375	0	5	328	3	0
221	14	2	139	1	1
363	8	3	231	3	2
262	7	3	235	4	3
306	4	3	69	6	1
240	2	0	268	4	4
320	5	4	212	4	3
351	6	2	32	4	6
384	5	4	273	3	3
TRAGEDIES					
16	6	3	313	2	2
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS					
132	2	0	356	1	3
316	3	3	354	0	4
320	3	3	349	2	4
393	4	3	285	5	2
291	4	4	266	5	2
175	2	2	250	5	2
86	4	2	395	3	1
352	2	2			



Ames' Plays--Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.		
340	Our Hotel	5	3	798	Black Statue	4	2
324	Olivet	3	2	253	Best Cure, The	4	1
381	Our Family Umbrella	4	2	325	Coincidence	8	0
400	Obstinate Family, The	4	2	222	Colored Senators	5	0
*57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2	214	Chops	3	0
217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1	190	Crimp's Trip	5	0
165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3	378	Gittin' Sperience in a Doc- tor's Office	4	2
286	Professional Gardener	4	2	153	Haunted House	2	0
195	Poor Pillcody	2	3	21	Handy Andy	2	0
392	Pat McFree	7	3	236	Hypochondriac, The	2	0
412	Popping the Question	2	4	282	Intelligence Office, The	3	0
276	Printer and His Devils, The	2	1	319	In For It	3	1
159	Quiet Family	4	1	361	Jake and Snow	2	0
169	Regular Fix	6	4	-88	Mischievous Nigger	4	2
180	Ripples	2	0	256	Midnight Colle	2	1
171	Rough Diamond	6	3	128	Musical Darkey	2	0
267	Room 44	2	0	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	2	0
315	Rascal Pat, That	3	2	353	Nobody's Son	2	0
416	Ruben Ruba	2	1	211	Old Clothes	3	0
68	Sham Professor, The	4	0	231	Old Dad's Cabin	2	2
205	Spellin' Skewl, The	7	0	216	Othello	5	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter	5	4	297	Pomp Green's Snakes	2	0
138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5	258	Prof. Boue's Latest Inven- tion	5	0
115	S. H. A. M. Plunafore	5	3	177	Quarrelsome Servants	3	0
55	Somebody's Nabob	3	0	107	School	5	0
327	Strictly Temperance	2	2	137	Seeing Bosting	3	0
232	Stage Struck Yankee	1	0	179	Sham Doctor	3	3
241	Struck by Lightning	2	2	*43	Sports on a Lark	3	0
270	Stleak and Skinner	5	0	92	Stage Struck Darkey	2	1
1	Slosher and Crasher	5	2	238	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
365	Stupid Cuid	1	0	122	Select School, The	5	0
358	Snow Ball	3	2	198	Those Awful Boys	5	0
346	Signing an Actor	1	1	245	Ticket Taker	5	0
413	Switched Off	0	2	216	Vice Versa	4	0
326	Too Many Cousins	3	3	296	Vilkins and Dinah	4	1
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix	2	0	210	Virginia Mummy	6	1
252	That Awful Cornet Bag	3	3	205	William Tell	4	0
137	Taking the Census	1	1	156	Wig-Maker and His Ser- vants	3	0
167	Turn Him Out	3	2				
*28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2				
292	Tim Flannigan	5	0				
263	Trials of a Country Editor	6	2				
166	Texan Mothers-in-Law	4	2				
281	Two Aunt Emilys	0	2				
367	\$10,000 Wager, A	4	0				
312	Uncle Ethan	1	3				
269	Unjust Justice	6	2				
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	6	2				
7	Wonderful Telephone	3	1				
332	Which is Which?	3	3				
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1				
*56	Wooing Under Difficulties	4	3				
*70	Which will he Marry?	2	2				
135	Widower's Trials	4	5				
147	Walking Him Up	1	2				
155	Why They Joined the Re- heccas	0	4				
414	Who's Who?	3	2				
403	Winning a Wife	2	1				
111	Yankee Duellist	3	1				
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3				
377	Yacobi's Hotel Experience	3	0				
ETHIOPIAN FARCES.							
204	Academy of Stars	6	0				
179	Black Shoemaker	4	2				
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130	Hints to Amateurs						
MISCELLANEOUS.							
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